



French Merino Buck "King of Terrors."

In a previous number of the New England Cultivator, we gave a brief account of the importation of fine French Merino Sheep, belonging to S. W. Jewett, Esq., of Weybridge, Vt., and above we present our readers, this month, with a fine likeness of a choice buck of this variety, drawn by Durvage and engraved by Fox, expressly for our columns. That this species of Sheep, (which

Information for Farmers.

In agriculture, as in all other employments, if we would pursue it, or in other words, have a thorough knowledge of its theory, that we may obtain that information, we must furnish ourselves with books of the best authors on that subject, and at least, with one periodical, devoted to agriculture, and study them attentively, and then we shall be prepared to perfect our knowledge by experience. There are at this enlightened day, strong prejudices against book-farming as it is termed. I pity the stupidity of the man who thinks that if we use books, we must shut our eyes against the light that is beaming upon us from all other sources. What is book-farming? It is learning by means of books, new facts, opinions, and the result of experiments, and different modes of operation, and we can use such parts of the information thus obtained as best suits our situations. If we would acquire the appellation of a good farmer, and so pursue the occupation as to make it pleasant and profitable, we must study its theory until we attain a thorough knowledge of all its various branches. We must learn the nature and properties of soils, know their wants and how to perpetuate their fertility. The study of agriculture as a science, and its pursuit as an employment, I deem admirably calculated to produce individual happiness. It leads the mind away from the turmoil and bustle of many other pursuits, and places a reliance on individual exertion and the blessings of heaven. In the labor of the field under the blue canopy above, when the breeze is pure and refreshing, there is freedom from the cares and perplexities of this world, that is seldom enjoyed in any other pursuit. J. G. J.—*The Pioneer.*

Mr. Editor:

On my recent return from Hartford with a new lot of French Merino Lambs, I was detained at Rutland, where I had the pleasure of meeting Col. Hale, the owner of the Horse "Green Mountain Morgan," which attracted so much attention at the State Fair. I also saw the horse, and my impression as to his great value was fully confirmed. He is in excellent order, and I have no doubt that he and Black Hawk are the two best horses in the United States. Col. Hale intends to keep him at Rutland during the season, and though I am a strong friend of Black Hawk, I cannot refrain from informing my brother farmers of the vicinity of this powerful animal, and that our county agriculturists to have the benefit of his services for the improvement of their stock. It is certainly for the interest of our county to encourage the introduction of this branch of the Morgan family, as well as the other; and I hope the expectation of having this horse permanently in our county may be realized, as it certainly will be, as I am informed, if our farmers will give him the proper encouragement.

Very respectfully, A. L. BINGHAM—*Middlebury Register.*

Don't Kill the Birds.

Notwithstanding much has been said and written in regard to the destruction of the feathered tribe, it may not be out of place to revive it occasionally in the hearing of those who are prone to destroy these harmless and musical little warblers. Did every one love birds as well as I do, did every one delight in hearing their merry and glad notes, few would be the birds destroyed on the farmers' premises. But cruel as it is to take the life of the birds that build their nests and rear their young among the shrubbery around our meadows and pastures, and even under our very windows, I have myself, in days gone by, been guilty of such acts of cruelty. Gladly would I, if I could, restore to life every innocent bird I have been guilty of destroying, but it is now too late.

For more sport, multitudes of the feathered tribe are destroyed by the gun of fowler. For having been guilty of such acts, I almost think I can, in part, excuse myself, from the fact that I was taught to believe that birds were great depredators. The king-bird must be killed because he caught the honey-bee; the black-bird and brown thrasher must be destroyed because they pulled up the farmer's corn, and so on, different birds doing different kinds of mischief; and for this reason little partiality was shown and I thought the more were the birds killed the less would the farmer's corn be destroyed. Philosophical reasoning, truly! I can call to mind many times when I have been well affected to tears in witnessing the death struggles of the little warblers that have fallen at my feet, pierced with leaden missiles. Often have I called to mind what I have written in his Fables, says in regard to the observation made by the frogs to some frolicsome boys—"Children, you do not consider, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

The Merchant's Clerk and the Plow Boy.—Under this head *Hunts Merchant's Magazine* utters the following just and true sentiments. They deserve to be read and treasured by every individual in the community—especially those who have sons in whose future welfare and usefulness they feel an interest: "The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his lot, makes a sad mistake. He passes, by that step, from independence to vassalage. He barbers a natural for an artificial pursuit, and he must be the slave of the caprice of customers and the chicane of trade. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing it is morally and physically. To test it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plow-boy. The former may be later under its rough outside, possesses the truer stamina. He is the freer, franker, happier, and nobler man. Would that young men might judge the dignity of labor by its usefulness and manliness, rather than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in kid gloves and toilet adornments, but in that sinewy

arm, whose outlines, browned by the sun, betokens a hardy, honest toiler, under whose farmer or mechanic's vest the kindest heart may beat.

Miscellaneous.

The Way I made my Fortune.

Three of us were sitting in a small room and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "I am a poor fellow, and I am poor because I have done nothing but to be idle, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author, if I could find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, "anxious to contribute my share to the chorus of lamentation," and he told me that for forty years a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, "if it were possible for poor people to get more money. Could one of us only be thought rich?"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?"

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George—the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica, or Martinique, I forget which," I said innocently, "and did not return."

"Capital! That is all one requires," exclaimed George; "I will conjure up this cousin of yours—or could we not kill him? Yes; James Meran of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars to his well beloved cousin, Louis Meran."

We laughed at the joke, and thought no more of it, but George and Albert—slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator—lost no time in concocting and afterwards publishing a full account, in local newspaper, of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course, I endeavored to undeceive them, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantux before he embarked in 1780. Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which it was not quite convenient for me to pay at that time. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends a place which shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer," I suppose you are come for fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your orders for an entire suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir; mourning. Dark bronze frock, for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"But, at the present moment, Mr. Mayer—"

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage."

"No, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," I exclaimed, "but the money only engaged myself in taking my measure."

After all, my wardrobe did want some few additions, and I said nothing more to him.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you—Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the look out for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have heavy demands to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? It would be madness to think of the thing."

"You could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double the present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say 'done,' and I am off."

And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word.

Two days later, in walked Mr. Felix. Evidently not in the best of temper.

"Really sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. That house is indispensable to me; I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs, because the owner was embarrassed, and I felt sure that he would be obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different; so I come to ask if you will let me have it for seventy-five thousand francs."

Fifty thousand francs, dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain eight hundred francs a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I will see what I can do."

At a quarter to five Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with perfect candor.

"I should tell you, sir, that I had no intention of buying the house until the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me equally as well, so if you wish, I will accede to you."

"You shall have a draft on Paris, for the amount, in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send it to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges & Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them, the interest of a small sum, that had been left by an uncle. I informed them that having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The significance of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris; so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident that I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter, received from Messrs. Flanges & Co.

"Sir, We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Government, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand francs to your credit."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot long remain concealed; people began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent thought their heads ominously when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature of the case," said one, "that has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part I must say that I was always rather sceptical about the inheritance."

"And I also," said Mr. Felix, "though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike; for instance: "Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Meran, and having heard payments to meet, will be obliged by a cheque for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies disarmed all doubts of my perfect solvency.

Mr. Meran thanks Mr. Mayer for having at last sent him his account, and encloses a cheque for the amount.

My cool and unconcerned demeanor kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Lucky has nothing to do with it," rejoined another; "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess that I have felt some compunctions of conscience; but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and that I owed it all to a universal law, the truth of the Golden Rule, and to the truth of Albert's axiom, "the next best thing to capital is credit."

NEW GOODS.

KEITH & BARKER.

Woolen and Cotton Goods, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

RICH DRESS GOODS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

SHAWLS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

BONNETS & RIBBONS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

CLOTHS & TRIMMINGS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

CROCKERY AND HARDWARE.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

A VILLAGE FARM FOR SALE.

For sale, a village farm, situated in the town of Weybridge, Vermont, containing about 100 acres of land, with a good house, barn, and other outbuildings. The farm is well watered, and the soil is fertile. It is a good opportunity for a farmer to purchase a fine property at a low price.

MANSELD HOUSE.

For sale, a large and comfortable house, situated in the town of Weybridge, Vermont. The house is well built, and has a large lot of land. It is a good opportunity for a family to purchase a fine property at a low price.

THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR GASTRIC JUICE.

Prepared by J. S. Houghton, M.D., of New York. This is a powerful and reliable remedy for all diseases of the stomach and bowels, and for all cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. It is a good opportunity for a family to purchase a fine property at a low price.

BUCKMAN'S INVALID BEDSTEAD.

For sale, a large and comfortable bedstead, situated in the town of Weybridge, Vermont. The bedstead is well built, and has a large lot of land. It is a good opportunity for a family to purchase a fine property at a low price.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

PAINT OF ALL KINDS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

UNDERHILL'S TOOLS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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S. K. COLLINS, Apothecary.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

PECK & LEWIS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

HARDWARE.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

MECHANIC'S TOOLS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

IRON WATER WHEELS.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

WANTED.

Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.

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Black and White, and all the different styles and most improved styles.